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UNDER THE PALMS.

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UNDER THE PALMS.

A Volume of Verse.

BY

THOMAS STEELE,

Ceylon Civil Service,

TRANSLATOR OF "KUSA JĀTAKAYA, AN EASTERN LOVE STORY."

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SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, LOW, & SEARLE,

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1871.

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LOAN STACK

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Inscribed,

With Much Respect and Regard,

to

The Honourable

Charles Wentworth Howard, M.P.

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PREFACE.

OF the poems which here appear in a collected form, some were originally contributed to *Fraser*, *Once a Week*, and other magazines; and the writer's hearty acknowledgments are due to Messrs LONGMANS, GREEN, & Co., and Messrs BRADBURY AND EVANS, for the permission kindly accorded by them to the republication.

As the title implies, the poems were, in part, written beneath

"the warmer sky,"

and among

"The palms and temples of the South;"

while others first saw the light during a happy

sojourn at home, by the green hill-sides and clear waters of the beautiful Borderland, dear to all her children, but to none so dear as those who are called upon to travel in a far country.

T. S.

Hambantota, Ceylon.

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Greeting.

Plain, simple rhymes, none overlaid
With pomp of words or laboured reason:
Quaint, merry, sad; which one dear maid
Read in her girlhood's budding season:
(O me! when Earth was robed in snow,
And festal bells were gaily ringing,
She, freed from mortal bonds below,
Soared on a happy Angel singing!)
Such are the songs at random strung,
That, east and west, to friends I proffer:
Nor vainly has the minstrel sung
If loving looks shall greet his offer!

DAWN IN AN EASTERN JUNGLE.

AMID the forest glades we went
Before the break of day:
Pale DIAN from the firmament
Shot down a trembling ray:
And as we upwards turned and gazed,
The clustering constellations blazed,
Like blossomed thorns in May!

A lovely land, a lonely land!
Nor house nor home was nigh:
Deep forest glooms on either hand:
Above, the open sky:

The turf beneath was green and soft,
As is a daisied English croft
Where children love to lie!

The fireflies lit their magic lamps
That wreathe the boughs in flame,
And, glittering 'mid the dewy damps,
Alternate went and came!
Each tree 'mid tiny cressets shone,
With fruitage as of diamond stone,
Or gems of peerless fame!

No tramp of elephants was heard
Emerging from the brake:
No water-bird the lotus stirred
Above the sleeping lake:
So slumberous all, no sound there was,
Save that the insects on the grass
Trilled songs to keep awake!

The polestar gleamed our guide afar,
A rare and radiant gem!
Recalling oft the orient star
That shone o'er Bethlehem,
When angel-minstrels, carolling,
Proclaimed the advent of THE KING,
And shepherds listened them!

Anon, fleet Fancy winged her flight
To transatlantic plains,
Where, guided by the polestar's light,
The slave forsakes his chains,
And northward speeds with bated breath,
Through trackless wilds, for life or death,
To realms where Freedom reigns! *

* This, written in 1857, is now, happily for America and mankind, true no longer.

O hark! the song of chanticleer
Burst from the lowly dells;
And, faint at first, then sharp and near,
The chime of cattle-bells!
The curling smoke uprose again:
The terraced slopes of wavy grain
Lay midst the sylvan swells.

How fair the scene! fields green and gold
Hedged in with ridgy rims:
Aloft, the tall trees, staunch and old,
Outspread their massy limbs:
The wakeful birds were all astir,
And each ethereal chorister
Was chanting matin hymns!

A flush was in the East—a hue
Of rose athwart the gray,

With slender bands of paly blue,
A soft, commingled ray!
Behind the brake the sun up-sprung,
And fast his golden censer swung
Aloft—*and it was Day!*

THE PEARL.

ONE summer night so still and dark,
A Pearl I dropt into the sea,
Heaving and beautiful: and, mark,
My Pearl has now come back to me!

O rare sweet Pearl! O precious Pearl!
Dearer than thou can never be!
Dear as May-morn to blushing girl—
Such morn my Pearl came back to me!

Dear is the Maythorn to the merle:
Dear the lime blossom to the bee:
But none so dear as my sweet Pearl,
That lovingly came back to me!

THE HILLS.

A SUMMER SUNSET FROM STEILL ERNTON HILL ON THE BORDER.

THE Hills, the Hills, the glorious Hills!
who loves not here to stand,
And scan for scores of miles around the
breadth of mountain land,
The silver rills that bursting forth wind
babbling to the sea,
The grassy knowes, the craggy glens, the rustling
greenwood tree?

The fragrant heath beneath our feet perfumes the
freshening gale:

Above is heard from mountain bird a wild, illusive wail:
No stir of busy life intrudes, no chime of city bells:
No songsters chant their vesper hymns from copse or sylvan dells;

For sylvan dells are far: No tree adorns the mountain's crest:
Soft verdure crowns broad Ernton's brow and wreathes his ample breast;
And, farther as the peaks recede, ethereal grows the hue,
Till sky and distant mountain blend in one harmonious blue!

Slow sinks the sun adown the west: A shower of golden beams
Glitters on cottage diamond panes, on founts, and lucid streams:

From village chimneys far away the curling smoke
ascends:
The closing eve o'er all the scene a fresh enchantment
lends!

The reddening sky, the falling dew, the whispering
night-breeze chill,
Warn us to quit this silent cairn, lone guardian of the
hill!
The gathering twilight hides from view the silver
thread of sea:
Farewell, ye glorious mountain crests! THE HILLS,
THE HILLS FOR ME!

HEREAFTER!

HEREAFTER, howe'er far the scene,
If on this page thine eye shall fall,
My Own, long dead to me: Recall
Serene, not sad, what once hath been,
The halcyon days, the festive hall!

Rejoice that lonely each did find
The shelter of a loving breast,
And shared in yon green-valleyed West
Rare commune that to either mind
Bore solace, sympathy, and rest!

Though ours no more, let no regret
Disturb fond Fancy hovering o'er
That airy, soft, and fading shore,
The happy Past! 'Tis gone; but yet
Its memory blossoms evermore!

MAY.

OF flowers, snowy scented May
Ranks ever with the fairest!
The season sweetest and most gay
Is May month—time the rarest!

But lovelier than the blithe May tide,
Than May boughs blossom-laden,
Is MAY, dear MAY, the winsome bride,
The ever peerless maiden!

No peerless maiden now, for she
Smiles gay, a happy mother:
Yet peerless still! There ne'er will be
To match her such another!

BY THE SEA.

GRAY, solitary, slow,
A pilgrim by the shore
Of the Great Deep where all must go,
Where mine have gone before!
Their barques have cleft the foam
Careering joyously,
While I, from out my darkened home,
Pace longing by the Sea.

I would not stay: The times
Have changed since I was young!
Mine ears are deaf to yonder chimes
That once so gaily rung!

The heart that beat so high,
The bright thoughts flowing free,
Are dulled; and dim the flashing eye
Now gazing at the Sea!

Since I was young! O time
Of joy and hope and flowers!
O golden tide of early prime—
When fresh were Manhood's powers,
And life was all aglow—
How quickly didst thou flee,
And leave me wandering to and fro,
A pilgrim by the Sea!

The friends of boyish days,
Who saw Life's race begun,
Have sped in widely devious ways:
With most the course is done!

She, dearest of them all,
Who linked her lot with me,
At even heard the angels call,
And crossed the tranquil Sea!

With yonder crowded mart
No fellowship I claim:
Lonely and sad shall I depart,
As lone and sad I came:
Yet not alone nor sad—
The white sails flutter free,
And throngs in snowy raiment clad
Chant *Welcome!* o'er the Sea!

CONFESSIONS OF A CAPTIVE.

A CAUTION BY A CONFIRMED CYNIC.

OFT, versifying youths, that prate,
And think themselves immensely clever,
Their elders often irritate
By writing love-sick rhymes for ever—
A practice *we* abominate:
Shall *we* succumb to gammon? Never!

Not that *I* hate the fellows' rhymes:
Once I was young too, and enamoured:
Ah me! those were transcendent times
How often I my passion clamoured,

And loves and griefs in jangling chimes,
Like smith on anvil stoutly hammered!

Looked love to eyes that looked again—
Reciprocation *rather* pleasant,
And apt to stir both heart and brain
Of every grade from peer to peasant!
Hold hard! This *is* a silly strain:
I'm quite oblivious of the present!

For I've a Wife—a tender spouse,
Once the ideal of my fancies;
But since we took to keeping house,
It happened—as it always chances—
We bade adieu to raptured vows;
For real life is not Romance's!

That's why the novels mostly end
At entrance into matrimony!

The writers may perhaps pretend
'Tis one long round of bliss and honey—
A theory so odd, my friend,
That makes *a victim* rather funny!

Too soon one feels, when fairly hooked,
The iron doom, depend upon it!
One's way of life for ever crooked,
A zigzag orbit round a bonnet!
Connubial bliss, though fair it looked,
Proves no fit theme for mirthful sonnet!

Hard, say all martyrs, is their fate:
Ask them from Petersburg to Cadiz:
And yet you youngsters idly prate
Of love and bliss and witching ladies!
Be warned in time, or know too late
You never can retreat from HADES!

A PLEA FOR MARRIAGE.

BEING THE REJOINDER TO THE "CONFESSIONS OF A CAPTIVE."

"Let them signify under my sign—*Here you may see Benedict, the married man!*"—SHAKSPEARE.

THE Cynic in disguise may fret,
And idly style himself a martyr!
No Benedict, I'll wager, yet:
So let us hope he'll catch a Tartar!
One who'll soon learn to rule her house,
To form and keep her own opinion;
A darling, but tyrannic spouse,
Sceptred and throned in home dominion!

'Tis true, perhaps, that what he sings
Is absolutely not fictitious:
But then to say such bitter things
In open court, is too malicious!
Let 's bear small ills without demur,
Nor wildly shriek to plague our neighbours!
The Silent System, all concur,
Is better than the sounding tabors!

It needs no wealth of argument,
Nor special favour of Apollo,
To prove to Cynic's heart's content
That Benedict beats Cœlebs hollow!
There 's iron doom for Benedict,
He says; for Beatrice *will* lecture,
Turn wasteful, frivolous, or strict:
(Nor is it *all* insane conjecture!)—

Well, once or twice it may be so:
But in your hour of doubt or danger,

A loving Wife will cheer your woe
More soothingly than any stranger:
When trials come, as come they must,
Will aid you with a brave endeavour;
And, though you 're smitten to the dust,
Will love you then—*and more than ever!*

A woman's heart 's a fragile thing,
The slave, they say, of pride and pleasure—
'Tis stronger than the mightiest king,
And dearer than the richest treasure!
Constant to *one* in weal or ill,
Though friends forsake and fortunes alter;
Rail as you please at woman's will,
It wavers not where *man's* would falter!

The roses on her cheek decay,
The lustre of her eye may vary,

The jetty tress grow silvery gray,
The figure droop, as thine, my MARY!
Yet, spite of all, I loved thee more
And dearer far, as years flew over;
And fresher graces than before
Did I in that loved face discover!

The beauty of the heart which grows
Through all life's storm or sunny weather,
Was ripening at the very close,
As down the hill we came together! . . .
But, leaving sentiment apart,
I ask—not him about to marry,
For he that hath his true love's *carte*
May readily my queries parry!—

In work and leisure both unshared,
How much is there of zest or pleasure?

Who, like a Wife, makes toil less hard?
And who, like her, can sweeten leisure?
Without her, life were lonely still,
A loveless void, dull, dark, and cheerless!
Now, there 's a remedy at will,
Effective, permanent, and peerless!

If things are as I have shown in part,
(Pray, listen, for I speak sincerely!)
Not far away, some tender heart
You 'll doubtless find to love you dearly:
Lose not a moment, lest your plans,
Too long deferred, perchance miscarry;
Purchase the license, read the banns,
One way or other, GO AND MARRY!

THE OMENS.

WHEN I went a-wooing
To win my darling May,
'Twas in a sunny island,
An island far away,
Where skies are blue for ever,
Where earth is always gay!

And, as I went a-wooing,
I met with omens three:
An Eagle skyward soaring,
A Cushat on a tree,
That sat and cooed a love-song,
A love-song unto me!

The third, an emerald Serpent,
That wrought no ill to man,
Slid through the blossomed jungle
To where a brooklet ran,
A little brook that merrily
A song of a joy began!

And all these happy creatures
Had voices unto me:
The Eagle soaring skyward,
The Cushat on the tree,
The Snake, and laughing Brooklet,
Gave counsel fair and free!

Be wise as I, the Snake said,
To choose your darling May!
The Eagle: Bold and ready be
To bear the prize away;

Nor lose the golden moments
In profitless delay!

And when your May is chosen,
Thus did the Cushat coo,
Like me be constant ever,
Be tender and be true!
For well I know your Darling
Will still be true to you!

The Brooklet prattled blithely,
As on it ran apace:
When home you bring your Darling
That chosen spot to grace,
Let mirth, and joy, and leisure
Have there abiding-place!

And thus I went a-wooing,
And thus it did betide,

The tender-hearted maiden
Became my winsome Bride:
And dear is she, far dearer,
Than all the world beside!

WAITING.

STAND, I stand at the gate:
I may not venture in
Though true love is within:
Yet patiently I wait!

I wait with love and with hope:
The time will soon be past
Of waiting; and at last
A voice will ring down the slope,

Crying—Come, O come, O come!
You need not linger now:
Yours my plighted troth and vow:
Neither heart nor lips are dumb!

My Love will beckon afar,
And call me to her side,
To claim my own sweet Bride,
My Own, my Pearl, my Star!

A CHRISTMAS RHYME.

WITH blithesome heart you bid me weave,
In earnest or in banter,
Some rhymes to grace your Christmas Eve:
Well, PEGASUS shall canter!

Or if that speed for my old steed
Too great is, he may amble—
A very sober pace indeed,
But fitted for a ramble!

Poor PEGASUS! Since he and I
First took the road together,
Of oats hath been a scant supply,
But plenty of foul weather!

When we were young!—O me! I start
To think of days long over!
Rare dreams of fame bewitched *my* heart,
And *his* of *life in clover!*

Alas! alas! that juicy grass
Grew seldom in his pasture!
And flawed and brittle all, like glass,
The schemes were of his master!

Poor broken schemes! Nought for their sake
Care I now: not a whistle!
And PEGASUS is proud to make
Acquaintance with a thistle!

We cannot soar, we hardly may
The dusty highway trot on,
And calmly pass to meet the day
When we shall be forgotten!

Not that *we* care, we sober pair!
For any one's forgetting!
'Tis but the portion all must share,
And useless were our fretting.

To spur were vain! The steed *will* halt!
I know, though no enchanter,
'Twould need a very fierce assault
To force him to a canter!

No hopes of clover stir him now,
Or bins with oats o'erflowing:
Even food the daintiest, I trow,
Would hardly mend his going!

Bring no bay-boughs to deck my brows,
Nor glossy leaves of laurel;
For see, my song no peg allows
Whereon to hang a moral!

Still though the muse may faint and fall:
Though rhymes like these lack reason,
They fitly close by wishing *all*
The best joys of the Season!

A YEAR AFTER.

MY wayward fancies homeward flow,
Recalling just a year ago,
When I, to grace a hearth I love,
A wreath of random rhymelets wove!
A year ago! a year ago!
I saw Helvellyn crowned with snow,
And heard o'er many a northern hill
The wintry winds blow keen and shrill:
Yet, O it was a happy time,
The while I wove that sportive rhyme!

For many a year had come and flown,
Nor Home nor winter had I known:

And they, who far are called to roam,
Prize best the grace and charm of Home!
And feel how Home all other lands
Transcends, and all their love commands! . . .
Yet is this isle the pearl of isles!
Here, never-ending summer smiles:
The rainbow tints of Paradise
Irradiate the earth and skies!

No wreaths of snow the mountains crown;
No wintry winds come wailing down:
Only the soft and sportive breeze
Stirs the white-blossomed almond-trees,
And makes the feathery palm-trees shiver
Fringing the broad and brimming river
(With isles beset), whose glassy breast
Reflects the crimson of the west.
The gold-green foliage on the marge,
The light canoe, the white-winged barge,

Are mirrored too; while beams above,
In purple skies, the Star of Love:
Hard by, old Ocean's wavelets play,
And whisper, as they dash the spray,
"Far, far beyond this curling foam
We laved the happy cliffs of Home!"
I pace alone the crispy beach
And listen to their murmurous speech,
And thus with thankful heart I weave
Again a rhyme for CHRISTMAS EVE.

BURGH MONUMENT.

(THE DEATH-PLACE OF EDWARD I.)

On Burgh Marsh, a grassy plain of great extent, about seven miles west of Carlisle, and near the Solway Frith, stands a column bearing the following inscription:

Memoriæ æternæ
Edwardi I. Regis Angliæ
longe clarissimi
Qui in Belli Apparatu contra Scotos
occupatus,
hic in castris obiit 6ii. Julii A.D.MCCCVII.

GRASSY down salutes the gaze,
And spreads afar its ample plain:
Here, pasturing flocks in quiet graze:
Beyond, the ridges laugh with grain!

Hard by, the placid Solway laves
The pebbled beach with tiny waves.

A silent scene! unbroken still,
Save by sweet sounds that heighten calm:
We hear the wild birds' vesper trill,
The lowing steer or bleating lamb:
Life's stir and tumult ne'er intrude
To mar this tranquil solitude!

Yet 'tis not solitude! On all
The slopes around trim cots are seen;
Their yellow thatch and whitened wall
Like gold-set gems on mantle green!
The fisher's boat glides o'er the seas:
The white barques woo the tardy breeze!

See SCOTLAND like a maiden fair,
In loveliness unrivalled crowned!

A stranger here might aptly swear
'Tis one long line of fairy ground!
Afar, uprise her dark blue hills,
And to the shore flow threadlike rills.

As fresh appear her native charms,
As fascinating to the view,
As when brave EDWARD grasped his arms
And here his falchioned legions drew!
Kings, warriors, bow to Death's dread will;
But Nature blooms perennial still!

Changed was the scene when Southron bands
Their royal banners here unfurled,
Gazed on the blooming Scottish lands,
And fiery imprecations hurled
On BRUCE the brave, whose dauntless might
Had oft rolled back the tide of fight!

At evening o'er this tented plain
Rode ENGLAND'S bravest cavaliers,
And, emulous high meeds to gain,
Arrayed their wealth of bows and spears;
The trumpet's note, the anvil's clang,
The din of arms resounding rang!

Hot expectation fired their eyes:
Their warlike breasts with ardour burned:
SCOTLAND they viewed a vanquished prize,
Themselves in triumph home returned!
Yes! that fair land should be their prey,
And EDWARD'S high behests obey!

But where is now their fearless lord,
Well pleased, I ween, such sight to see?
Lags he behind at monkish board,
Or spends his hours in revelry?

When they for doughty deeds prepare,
Comes he not nigh their joy to share?

The royal tent is mantled warm :
The rustling breath of summer air,
Too light e'en gossamer to harm,
Scarce finds an entrance there!
Within, the Monarch, stricken low,
Contends with Death, his mightiest foe!

The sun sank down with ruddy glow
Majestic o'er the amber main :
The King his page bade open throw
The massy folds that he again
Might view the scene, again might eye
His gallant forces marching by!

The serried ranks their Chief beheld,
As pallid on his couch he lay;

Saw how his lofty soul rebelled :
Dark bodings seized the staunch array :
They felt as hurried glance they cast,
The King's career would soon be passed !

'Twas so ! he marked their proud advance
With quivering frame and flashing eye :
Gazed high on pennon, plume, and lance,
And smiled as rose their martial cry !
They passed—he bowed his haughty head :
Without a groan his spirit fled !

Thus died he by the Solway strand,
Busy with all the toils of war !
Before, the long-contested land
Lay close : but GOD'S intentions mar
Man's feeble will ! That mighty host
Ne'er won or ravaged SCOTLAND'S coast !

Now on the Plain a column high,
  Devoid of monumental pride,
Points to the traveller passing by
  The spot where far-famed EDWARD died;
And shows how purposes divine
Can turn to nought Man's frail design!

Gone are those days of strife and wrong!
  We find but in historic page,
In chronicle or olden song,
  Tales of intestine feud and rage!
Both nations now with loud acclaim,
Joyful resound one Monarch's name!

Peace dove-eyed spreads her ample wing,
  And hovers o'er the smiling fields!
The sounds of happy Labour ring:
  We hear no clash of brands or shields!

The shepherd's crook, the plough and spade,
Usurp the place of bow and blade!

May such sweet concord ever reign,
And dark dissension drive afar!
From sylvan dale or fertile plain
May sound no more the din of war!
That happy BRITAIN still may be
The home of peace and liberty!

PLIGHTED TROTH.

OU wore a dewy rosebud and myrtle in your breast,
And a fluttering sky-blue ribbon the sportive breeze caressed,
One happy autumn evening, my dearest and my best!

Dear is the red, red rosebud with drops of pearly dew
Dear is the scented myrtle, dear is the bonny blue;
But, Sweet, the world holds nothing that dearer is than You!

O bonny is the myrtle beside your home that grows:
And bonny is the true, true blue, and lovely is the rose:
But whom I hold the dearest, right well my Darling knows!

Of constancy the myrtle, of love the rosebuds tell:
The blue that is for ever true, no other tints excel:
And loving, true, and constant are You, I know full well.

O happy was the evening when winds were soft and low,
When by the sparkling streamlet where clustered blossoms grow,
You wore the rose and myrtle that served so much to show!

Betrothed, beloved, and loving, though earthly cares are rife,
May rose and myrtle never be absent from our life!
And blue for ever be the sky that beams o'er you as Wife!

EPITAPH,

FOR THE CHILDREN'S PET THRUSH.

IN happy summer weather,
When skies were bright and blue,
When merry birds together
Sat singing all day through:
Sweet sounds and sights and odours
Made others blithe and gay:
Our little bird no pleasure stirred:
His life had ebbed away!

Poor little Thrush! For ever
Is hushed his voice of song,
As fades a faint endeavour
When struggling with the throng!

And yet, though weak his singing,
We loved him like the best;
And where the rosebud blushing glows
We fixed his place of rest!

THE WEDDING RING.

(WRITTEN FOR MUSIC.)

LOVING AND LOVED! No wealth of words
We need that cherished truth to sing!
The highest joys that Life affords
Are compassed by a WEDDING RING!
Though Time has many a wrinkle sown,
And marks of age unto us cling,
Each day our love has fonder grown
Since first you wore your WEDDING RING!

Though much is changed, our hearts are leal:
Trouble behind him none may fling;
But through it all came, true as steel,
My Darling with her WEDDING RING!

Hark to our children's happy glee—
Nor mourn the blue-eyed, winsome thing
We left afar, beyond the Sea,
Where first you wore your WEDDING RING!

Thank Heaven for *all*—or weal or woe!
The latter's keen but wholesome sting
Wounds for a good intent we know!
Thanks for the boons the WEDDING RING
Has brought to us through all these years!
No choicer theme I know to sing
Than that which bound, which still endears
My Own to me—her WEDDING RING!

A BRIDAL GIFT.

FOND hopes and dreams were cherished long ago
A lifelong, dearer gift than this to give:
But Fate hath willed it never shall be so,
And Two asunder far hath bidden live!

Though little, take this (if the heart be sore
With vain regrets, 'tis loyal all and true!)
In earnest of a gift which never more
Shall one dare offer, ETHEL, unto you!

Be yours the choicest gifts Earth may bestow
From your blithe bridal through your sunny life!
Happy, beloved, and honoured, may you know
Life's crown of joys as Mother and as Wife!

*THOUGHTS OF HOME.**

THE billows chase the curling foam:
The scene afar and near
Is fair—but not so fair as Home!
Thou art not here!

There 's freshness in the wayward breeze:
There 's beauty on the sea:
Yet springs not perfect joy from these
Away from thee!

* This has been set to music by the Author's Brother, and published by Messrs Jefferys & Son, Berners Street, London.

My Own, whom every passing day
Makes dearer to my heart!
To me the truest joy 's alway
But where thou art!

And while I watch the curling foam
And softly heaving sea,
Mine every thought is still of Home,
And most of thee!

LUCY: A MEMORIAL.

"'Tis a common tale,
An ordinary sorrow of man's life."
—WORDSWORTH.

FAIR was our Darling loved so well,
As beauteous as the flower
That blooms in lone St Mary's dell
Or decks a tropic bower!
Light and joy and grace withal
Shone round her as she moved!
What marvel, when she was our *all*,
That we so fondly loved!

Never was mind more nobly graced,
Or form of fairer mould,

Her soul was as a diamond cased
In casket of pure gold!
Such LUCY was—a very queen
Among the budding flowers!
Ere lanes again wore springtide green,
She was no longer ours!

Blithe Summer passed, and Autumn's hands
Were scattering golden fruit:
A voice of joy rang through the lands—
For us that voice was mute!
We watched the last lone flowers that died—
The red leaves on the tree:
Calmly our Darling gazed and sighed,
"*They bloom no more for me!*"

No more!—Her step waxed feeble now,
And fainter was her tone:

Pale lilies bloomed on cheek and brow,
Where once the roses shone!
Thus came stern Winter keenly chill:
His winds mad revels kept:
O'er plain and rivulet and hill,
The whirling snow-wreaths swept.

And still as colder blew the blast
Did LUCY paler grow:
Her face assumed as pure a cast
As wore the drifted snow!
Christmas drew nigh; but Christmas brought
No gladness to the Hall:
Each heart was rapt in saddest thought,
In melancholy thrall!

The Old Year slowly ebbed away—
Men New-Year carols sang—

But through the Hall that festal day
The wail of mourning rang!
The tender flower of peerless worth,
A blossom from the skies,
Returning, left the ungenial earth,
To bloom in Paradise!

CEYLON LACE.

WAS woven by feminine fingers,
Though dusky ones, over the Sea:
Fair Isle of the East! Memory lingers
Ever lovingly thinking of thee!

The radiance of morning streamed o'er her:
Above, softly whispered the palm:
A bright, sunny bay was before her,
And its waters lay sparkling and calm.

While stately the palms waved above her,
O'er the bay glanced a little canoe
That bore to the maiden her lover,
As time shall bring, Maiden, to you!

(No matter what theme may be chosen
The pen and the fancy to move,
Grave or gay, in scenes torrid or frozen,
They wander unbidden to Love !)

This gift, so slight, little, and fragile,
Some might lightly esteem, it is true ;
But Fancy, though subtle and agile,
That thought will ne'er cherish of you !

Hereafter, whene'er you observe it,
Say, " FAR THOUGH THE GIVER HAS GONE,
WE LIKED HIM, AND FONDLY PRESERVE IT,
THIS FRAGMENT OF LACE FROM CEYLON ! "

TO KATE.

OD bless you, belovèd! The world is before us:
Keen sorrows will come as the cold winds at Yule;
But if Love his warm radiance shed steadfastly o'er us,
The warmth of that radiance no winter may cool!

We will think of our wooing long, long years hereafter,
And the days that have fled since you plighted your troth:
And though bitter tears may be blent with our laughter,
We will never lose heart, but be thankful for both!

THE THREE SPORTSMEN.

(AFTER KINGSLEY—A LONG WAY!)

THREE Sportsmen went riding out into the East,
By the Salt Lagoons far beyond the town:
Each thought of his rifle, and pictured the beast,
The troops of beasts, he felt sure to bring down!
For there 's joy in the jungles dense and deep,
Amid elephants huge to stealthily creep,
And send them off to their long last sleep,
With a two-ounce ball in the morning!

Three trackers stood out in a leafy bower
By Yāla's flood, which would *not* go down:

And they gloomily said, while a pelting shower
Fell with pitiless rush on each turbaned crown:
"Through the woods this side we have made a sweep,
And three beasts lie slain—'tis a little heap!
Fresh woods are beyond; but the water 's deep:
We must swim or ford in the morning!"

Three horses come trotting along the sands,
The hills of sand that surround the town,
And the riders, alighting, are shaking our hands,
And are welcomed back looking slightly brown!
And we say: "O luck is hard to keep:
You have not had much, but no cause to weep!
Come in to dinner, and rest, and sleep,
And we 'll hear all the sport in the morning!"

MEETING AFTER MANY YEARS.

YES: I am strangely altered now!
A careworn brow is mine!
I cannot smile as once I did
In days of Auld Lang Syne!

I do not wonder that at first
My voice seemed sad and still;
Nor why, at sight of you, this eve
Mine eyes with teardrops fill!

So long it is since Love and Hope
Have soothed my spirit's pain,
I feel as if asleep I dreamt
Of olden days again!

We will not think of bygone days,
Of woes then unforeseen:
GOD knows! e'en now it saddens me
To think what *might* have been!

You never guessed the silent love,
Undying though so still!
Or all the fiery, fierce unrest,
Till Hope had ceased to thrill!

But now a quiet joy is ours,
While in the firelight gleam
I listen to your loving words:
Thank Heaven! *this* is no dream!

* * *

MEMORIES.

ONE happy eve, when we were young,
And she I loved was by my side,
(She loved me then; but lips and tongue
Were sealed by modest maiden pride!)
We went through lawns and gardens trim,
Enriched by wealth of flower and tree,

Till fell the dewy twilight dim—
A happy-hearted Twain were we!

What then we said who now could say?
Nor all were worth remembering now
But every glance and word that day
Did serve to plight a bridal vow!
Home went we by the Temple wall:
And where the stately palm-trees grow,
Beside the granite pillars tall
That sentinel the Lake below,

I said: "One name will ever charm,
One dear, sweet name, whate'er befall!"
A fluttering pressure on the arm,
A tender, speaking glance, was *all*

The dear reply you gave to me :

You did not speak ; but, Sweet, your heart

Was beating fast—no longer free,

It clave to mine, no more to part !

A PROPHECY.

(WITH THE MUSIC OF "ANNABEL LEE.")

LIKE her, but not to die so soon;
Yet like her, shedding joy and grace,
You shall adorn the happy place,
Your home—and be its bliss and boon!

It shall not want Home's highest charm:
A sunny sky will glow above—
The rounding sky of Wedded Love
That knows no change, serene and warm!

Through Life's long day thus may it be,
By gloom and sorrow unassailed!
Till, like the Wife this lay bewailed,
At eve you glide across the sea!

DAYS DEPARTED.

LONG, long ago, adown the dell
Among the scented heather,
The birds sang out their blithest notes
As we went forth together.

Those happy summer days are fled
For ever, far departed!
Since MAY and I were lovers twain,
Young, free, and open-hearted!

For many a cloud has dimmed the sky,
And all the scene is altered!
Nor happier we, perchance, if one
Had never changed or faltered!

It was a dream—a happy dream,
As Life's young morn was breaking.
Then why repine if all is changed?
No dream survives the waking!

And why recall the after days?
Think of that sunny weather,
When MAY to me sang sweetest songs
Among the scented heather.

Those joyous songs I still can hear,
Low-toned and softly flinging
A shower of melody around:
For MAY was ever singing—

Hope on! The future is all fair!
Night wanes; and all the morrow
Will be a time of festival
Undimmed by care or sorrow!

For thou shalt rise, nor rise alone:
We twain shall never sunder:
From storm and gloom comes calm delight,
As sunshine after thunder!

She sang of Hope: she sang of Joy
Rewarding brave endeavour:
She sang of plighted troth, of Love
Unchanged and constant ever!

O rare sweet songs! I paused to hear
Like fawn beside a fountain:
The stately firs stood motionless:
The echo from the mountain

Fell down delicious! . . . O how sweet
The days that are departed,
When every pulse beat happiness
And none was broken-hearted!

CANZONET.

"It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it."
—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

PRINCESS of my heart! O Star
To whom are raised adoring eyes!
Though envious whisperers sought to mar
Thine inner worth: though thou art far
Above me—still I idolise!

They told me thou wert proud and vain,
And fickle as the wind-kissed sea:
But falsely all, and beats again
This throbbing heart that aches with pain
Of unrequited love for thee!

O sunny smile! O witching face!
O sweet kind words! ye wrought me woe!
Each magic soul-enthralling grace
Hath graven a long-enduring trace:
And Love's fierce flames the brighter glow!

I cannot hope, for hope is none!
Too far away, too far above,
O Star, bright-beaming, peerless One!
Would thou hadst ne'er upon me shone!
I have no hope—*yet still I love!*

A GIFT.

WELL and wisely was it spoken
By a bard in olden song,
Often little gifts betoken
Lasting friendship true and strong.

Thus in Winter's stormy weather,
Or when Zephyr gently swells,
Even a tiny leaf or feather
Best the wind's direction tells.

Take this little present, knowing,
Trifling though its worth may be,
Friendship's gentle gales are blowing,
And they shape their course to thee!

GOOD MORROW.

GOOD morrow! Good morrow!
The lark is aloft:
Nun violets ope their sweet eyes:
Fragrant and soft
Is the May-blossomed croft:
O Lady fair, arise!
That Morn fresh grace may borrow
From your dear eyes!

Good morrow! Good morrow!
The sun was awake
Long ago in the blue summer skies:
Birds in the brake

Carol, sweet, for your sake !
O Lady fair, arise !
That Morn fresh grace may borrow
From your dear eyes !

Good morrow ! Good morrow !
So whispers the breeze
O'er the lake as it flutters and sighs :
So murmur the bees
From the scented lime-trees :
O Lady fair, arise !
Arise and give Good morrow—
The dearest of replies !

ZOE, MY LOVE.

OE, my Love,
Sent a snowy dove
At break of day:
And bade me tell
If I loved her well,
Zoe, the bright-eyed fay!

The dove flies back
On its airy track,
Like a beam from the sun,
This message to bear
To the queenly fair—
I love, I love but one!

It broods at rest
On her budding breast,
  Its wings perfumed with myrrh:
How her bosom beats
As her lip repeats,
  I love, I love but her!

Never was one
Underneath the sun
  So dear, so good, so true!
Zoe, my Love,
My peerless Dove,
  I love, I love but you!

WOOING-TIME.

WOOING-TIME is glad and gay!
Yet wooing has its griefs and fears,
Which Memory, in an after day
Recalling, softens and endears!
Do you forget the summer dawn
When, Love, to you *Good-bye!* I said,
And crossing o'er the myrtled lawn,
Went down the hill with happy tread?

The leafy hill was fair to see,
Bathed half in shadow, half in sun:
I rested by the greenwood tree
That stands where laughing brooklets run.

Beneath the spreading boughs I stood :
A voice came like a silver bell,
And chimed through all the underwood—
"*My Own, my Darling loves me well !*"

But years flew by : and I no more
Saw leafy hill or myrtled lawn :
I wandered on a distant shore,
'Neath alien skies saw morning dawn.
Long years of silence, years of change,
And little solace, sped away.
The Past grew misty all and strange :
The Present was a cheerless day !

At last arose a brighter dawn :
Again I trod familiar ground,
Once more beheld the myrtled lawn,
And blithe and happy welcome found.

We met, and softly glanced your eye :
Sweet words you spoke : a rosy flush
Gave greeting too : Until I die
I still shall thank that tell-tale blush !

Then when the sun was low o'erhead,
We wandered to the trysting-tree :
And there one little word you said
That never more revoked shall be !
We talked of charm in earth and sky
With happy voices soft and low :
I asked one question : in reply
My Darling did not answer *No !*

A FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, sweet Isle! I may not tread
Thy sunny hills again:
To-morrow for thy palm-fringed shores
Shall I look back in vain!

Gone like a shadowy dream are days
Of joy, of peace, and rest!
I would not bid the visions fly
That ever haunt my breast!

I leave thee for a distant strand,
Where war and tumult rage,

Where English warriors with their foes
In deadly strife engage.

Yet ere I quit this sunny Isle,
Fair Maid, farewell to thee !
Short time have I to whisper now
All thou hast been to me

Since first, a stranger in the land,
Thy face looked down on mine ;
Like to an Angel's in a dream
It was—almost divine !

To-morrow's sun will see me tossed
Upon the ocean blue,
Far from these bowers of wreathèd flowers,
From faces kind and true !

Where battle strife will fiercely rage,
There, sweetest, shall I be :

Pray that the fight may 'stablish right,
And, Maiden, pray for me!

If I be numbered with the slain,
The good and brave beside,
Weep not that nobly far away
For ENGLAND'S cause I died!

But if I live, and fair renown
Be coupled with my name,
O proudly shall I come, my Love,
Thy promised hand to claim!

Farewell! Thy love will guard me still,
On yonder sea-girt strand:
And if I see thy face no more,
There *is* a Better Land!

* *
*

ROSALIND.

"From the East to Western Ind
No jewel is like Rosalind."
—*As You Like It.*

MERRY was the winter-time
Among the western hills,
Though woods had lost their leafy pride,
And songless were the rills!
The earth was robed in virgin snow:
The wild winds whistled keen:
Yet happier far than summer's glow
And all its blossomed sheen!

O halcyon days of rare content—
Too fleetly to depart—

When eye to eye was eloquent,
And communed heart with heart!
We parted—ne'er again to stand
As we had stood before:
Ere May, was rent the golden band,
To re-unite no more!

The roses bloomed upon the stem;
But she, the fairest flower,
Sweet ROSALIND, the peerless gem,
Adorned another bower!
Ah! bitter was the aching pain
Close hidden in the breast,
That struggled utterance to gain,
But never was confessed!

That may not die till I shall die,
Nor would be uttered now,

But that the magic of her eye,
The sunshine of her brow,
Oft haunt me in this distant isle
Far, far across the foam,
And grieve, yet gladden me the while,
With tender thoughts of Home!

Oft Fancy hears at closing day,
In groves of Southern Ind,
The soft low tones, the merry lay,
Of witching ROSALIND!
May every joy her home betide!
I now may thole the smart;
For well I know the winsome Bride
Bears me a Sister's heart!

MARION'S BIRTHDAY.

WHEN summer suns have fleetly sped,
And brought again your natal day,
When bright blue skies shall arch o'erhead,
And merry birds shall sing and play
Among the leaves, *my* holiday
Will cease, and I be far away!

Yet would I not my part forego
That sunny morning of July:
From far shall loving wishes flow:
And with a birthday offering I
Come *now*, though this poor rhyme imply
Half a blithe greeting, half good-bye!

The poets sing of such as you:
I may not emulate their lays;
For you would call me all untrue
Were I to utter half the praise
I think! So silently I place
The little gift—and go my ways!

ANACREON TO THE TEETOTALERS.

Ἡ γῆ μέλαινα πίνει.—19.

THE black Earth drains the cooling rains,
And gives them for drink to the thirsty tree:
Old Ocean quaffs the torrents and laughs:
The Sun's wassail-bowl is the foaming Sea:
The Moon drinks his beams as they brightly shine:
Why grudge ye, good people, my cup of wine?

ANACREON'S DOVE.

Ἐρασμίη πέλεια
Πόθεν, πόθεν πέτασσαι;

F what master art thou minion,
And whence has thy snowy pinion
Hither flown, O beauteous dove?
As thine airy flight thou wingest,
Scents of perfumes rare thou bringest,
Gifts of what fond master's love?
Precious fragrance shed upon thee, by whose love?

Cytherea, whom I 'tended,
For a lay she much commended,
Gave me to the happy bard,

Gay ANACREON, foe to sorrow,
Who hath missioned me this morrow
To his friend to bear regard,
To BATHYLLUS bear his tenderest regard!

Often thus I serve my master,
Bearing missives surer, faster,
Than did ever dove before:
And he vows he 'll soon release me;
But I purpose, if he frees me,
To stay by him evermore,
Near his heart and home to linger evermore!

Why need *I* seek mead or mountain,
Budding branch or pearly fountain,
Searching wild fruits o'er the land?
Now I taste the finest wheaten
Crumbs my master should have eaten,

As I snatch them from his hand,
Slyly snatch them from his partly opened hand!

Often as his wine he pledges,
Sip I from the goblet edges,
While he gaily laughs and sings:
Then, all glowing with bright fancies,
I for him tread sprightly dances,
Or o'ershade him with my wings,
Softly hovering o'er him with my snowy wings.

Then, as even shades are closing,
On his lyre I perch reposing,
When my dear-loved tasks are o'er.
Go! Like idle crow I've prated:
Thou hast heard my all narrated:
I can tell thee nothing more!
Farewell, mortal! I shall tell thee nothing more!

HOME.

(FROM THE NORWEGIAN OF A. MÜNCH.)

Olden times, begirt with glories
That seem hallowed in our eyes,
Have bequeathed us fabled stories
Wherein Truth deep-hidden lies.
Of hoar legends, closely clinging,
Oft that to my memory come,
One old lay is ever ringing
Since I left my northern home.*

This it is:—There springs a fountain
Which, endowed with magic rare,

* The first eight lines are not in the original.

Can invest the bleakest mountain
With rich bloom and herbage fair.
Summer green wreathes round its sources
In the bosom of the snow;
Far and deep we track its courses,
Though first by our homes they flow.
He who seeks to read this rightly
Must in foreign lands abide,
Far from home-hearths beaming brightly,
Through the broad earth roaming wide.
Lonely then his fancy wingeth
To his home with hopes and fears:
In his breast the fountain springeth,
And descends in pearly tears!
He can notice through the dimness
Dear home-places shining bright,
Though enthralled in winter's grimness,
Glowing with a summer light!

Then if in his ear men's voices
Shall repeat his native words,
Sweeter music ne'er rejoices
Him from harp's symphonious chords!
Those sweet sounds, sweet thoughts awaking,
Thrill the inmost of his soul:
'Tis the waters music making,
Softly gurgling as they roll!

OPENING SONG

OF SCHILLER'S "WILHELM TELL."

THE FISHER BOY (*sings in his boat*)—

HOW laughs the lake invitingly, and bids
the Fisher lave
His languid head and weary limbs beneath
the sparkling wave.
Asleep on shore the Fisher lies
And hears a voice as sweet
As flutes, or songs in Paradise
When quiring angels meet!

With sudden joy the happy Boy hath left his couch of rest :
And soon the smiling waters dance and play around his breast !

Then calls a voice from out the deep—
Now art thou mine, dear Boy !
For I allure all those who sleep,
And bear them hence in joy !

THE SHEPHERD (*sings from the mountain*)—

Ye meadows, farewell !
Farewell, ye sunny plains !
Shepherds must depart
When glowing Summer wanes !

The mountain lands we climb : Anon our journey back we take
When springtide birds their carols sing from leafy bush and brake,

When Earth adorns herself afresh with blossoms fair and gay,
When merry brooklets foam and flow, and all around is May!
Ye meadows, farewell!
Farewell, ye sunny plains!
Shepherds must depart
When glowing Summer wanes!

THE ALPINE HUNTER (*sings from a crag*)—

The thunder rolls above the heights: the pathway rocks and reels!
Yet on his giddy way no fear the dauntless Huntsman feels!
Boldly upwards doth he mount,
Treads the icy fields,
Where never springs a bubbling fount,
Where Earth no blossom yields!

Beneath his feet a misty sea is spread o'er cliff and glen:
No more can his keen eye discern the busy haunts of men!
Save only through the riven cloud
The distant world is seen,
And underneath their vapoury shroud
The meadows fresh and green! *

* The last six lines are exactly descriptive of a common—but very beautiful—sight at daybreak among the hills of Ceylon.

THE HAPPY POET.

"Non ebur neque aureum
Meâ renidet in domo lacunar."
—HORACE ii. 18.

NOR ivory nor gold inlaid
Within my house is richly shining:
There stands no marble colonnade
With smooth Hymettian beams combining.
I never raised usurper's sword,
And staked my all to win a palace:
No high-born dames for me, their lord,
Weave purple robes or fill the chalice!
HONOUR and GENIUS both are mine:
With these, a will untaught to waver!

Even nobles bow to Learning's shrine;
And rich men court the Poet's favour.
The gods I crave for nought besides,
Nor urge my titled friends for presents:
Content I play, whate'er betides,
My soothing lyre 'mid Sabine peasants.
Time speeds apace: the full-orbed moon
Adown the sky is nightly waning:
Death comes with steady step and soon,
Yet finds your favourite follies reigning.
Heedless you build beyond the strand,
Through Ocean's foam your walls projecting:
Still eager to augment your land,
No neighbour's claims or rights respecting!
The victims of your frenzied pride,
Wives, husbands, children, wan and pallid,
Stray with their gods on every side,
And shivering wail in vesture squalid!

Though thus the cruel lord may sport
With others, yet *his* doom 's impending!
To PLUTO'S dark and dreaded court
His steps are ever surely tending.
Why strive for more? The impartial grave
For high and low alike is yawning!
PROMETHEUS o'er the Stygian wave,
Despite his gold and courtly fawning,
Returned no more: For CHARON bears
The highest-born with fixt endeavour:
'Tis his to finish mortal cares—
To free us once, and free for ever!

SPRING.

(FROM ANACREON.)

EE how on Spring's blithe advent
The Graces rosebuds strow,
While Ocean's billowy surges
Assume a calmer flow!
The sportive teal is cleaving
The sparkling pools again:
Their haunts the cranes are leaving
To wander o'er the main.
Now brightly glow the sunbeams:
The shading clouds are fled:

Now rural toil commences
The earth with fruits to spread.
Our cups are wreathed with flowers:
And now both plump and round
The olives grow, while clusters
Of grapes hang nigh the ground.

THERE is a resemblance between the Greek ode and a passage in the "Song of Songs," ii. 10–13, as will be seen from the graceful lyric below, which the writer found among his Father's papers.

ARISE, MY LOVE!

ARISE, my Love! Now Winter
Has closed his dreary reign:
The cloud has left the mountain:
The sun is on the plain!

All Nature wakes to gladness
Beneath the cheering ray!
Arise, my Love, my fair one!
Arise, and come away!

Arise, my Love! The floweret
Above the ground appears:
The music of the singing bird
The lonely forest cheers.
In distant dells the turtle
Is heard at closing day:
Arise, my Love, my fair one!
Arise, and come away!

Arise, my Love! The fig-tree
Now shows its earliest fruit:
The verdant vine impending
Sends forth its fragrant shoot.

The air is filled with gladness,
And all around is gay!
Arise, my Love, my fair one!
Arise, and come away!

THE GRAVE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS.)

THE grave is deep and still!
'Tis awful here to stand:
There lies beneath its mantle chill
An undiscovered land!

The song of nightingale
Within it never sounds;
But Friendship scatters rosebuds pale
Among the mossy mounds.

Brides reft of tender loves
Weep here in hopeless woe:

The wail of orphans never moves
The soulless clod below!

Yet only in the tomb
True peace is nigh at hand;
And only through its gate of gloom
We reach our fatherland!

Weak hearts on earth opprest,
Storm-tossed from many a shore,
Gain here alone the longed-for rest,
Where they shall beat no more!

A TELEGRAM.

OTHER! *We passed with perfect ease!*
And feel as lightsome as the breeze
That dimples all the laughing Bay
Or twirls the forest leaves to-day!
O me! 'tis such a noble thing
To feel one's freedom! I could sing
Or shout almost for very joy,
Like any happy-hearted boy!
In many a hard-wrought vigil-night,
Uncompanied save by the light
Of friendly stars, (which are as eyes
Of those dear hearts we idolize!)

How often have we sat and thought—
If all our labour come to nought,
Our patient toil win no reward,
How sore will be the stroke! how hard
To see our hopes all shattered lie
Like beechen boughs when winds are high!
No matter now! Rejoice with me,
The long probation leaves us free
And more! I feel so glad and gay
As if I'd rhyme and rhyme all day!
Yet all would merge in one short speech,
So brief even Baby's tongue might reach
The words: so let them be the last
As well as first: *Mother! We've passed!*

COMFORT.

HIDE not my bitter weeping:
Take, take my hand:
Would you deny to the wearied eye
A glimpse of the Promised Land?

Though my spirit is low within me
And racked with pain,
In the sunny gleam of your heart I seem
To breathe of joy again!

Through years of cruel anguish,
Of doubt and fear,

Sweet thoughts of you, the kind and true,
Have hovered around me, Dear!

My life you crown with blessings,
And smooth my brow:
Life's keenest weather we 'll brave together,
Nor shall Death divide us now!

And it seems, though twilight deepens,
The sunbeams shine!
Nor life nor death shall shake my faith
In thee, my true heart, and thine!

* * *

THE WARRIOR'S ADIEU.

HY fairy hand, O never
Again in mine may rest:
O never more our eyes may watch
The sunset in the west!

Long have I loved thee, Lady,
Since boyhood's early day:
And wilt thou not by word or look
My faithful love repay?

The sudden tear that starteth
Is glistening as I speak:

And blushes fleet and shy withal
Light up thy lovely cheek!

It seems too bright a vision
That I am loved by thee!
How I shall joy in battle's rush
Thine own true knight to be!

Thy love, for ever cherished,
Shall nerve my soul to strife:
To win thy hand the prize at last,
The crowning joy of life!

I thank thee, best and fairest,
More than my tongue can tell!
On bended knee I kneel to thee
And bless thee! Now farewell!

* *
*

"JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING!"

ERE twenty summers o'er my head
Had shed their light and bloom,
There seemed no rest for one like me
Save in the quiet tomb!

And oft I wished, when days were dark,
I had in childhood's years
Died young in hope and innocence,
With eyes scarce dimmed with tears!

'Tis altered now! Here let us rest
Where flash the brooklets clear:

Earth's troubles seem as nothing now,
Since thy loved voice I hear!

Is it a dream that once again
Thy hand lies in mine own?
That once again, as long ago,
Thine arm is round me thrown!

Grieve not, though this poor face is wan,
That care has lined my brow:
We will not murmur at the past—
'Tis all forgotten now!

Thy presence all the gloom dispels
That o'er my life was cast!
The heart that grief had sorely tried
Has found a home at last!

* *
*

THE FAIRIES.

"As for fairies that will flit
To make the greensward fresh,
I hold them exquisitely knit."
—TENNYSON.

THE fairies in the olden days,
If truth there be in elfin lore,
Though skilled in pranks and sprightly ways,
To mortals oft affection bore:
And still whene'er
A noble heir
Or maiden fair awoke to earth,
It formed the tiny people's care
To greet the little stranger's birth.

One gave the dower of beauty rare:
Another, wealth and high renown:
Thus each rejoicing brought a share
Of earthly bliss the babe to crown!
The jocund band
From Fairyland,
With magic wand careering came,
Bestowed their gifts with bounteous hand,
The welcome guests of sire and dame!

Long, long gone by that golden time!
No fays to brake and dell resort:
Their bridle bells no longer chime:
No elfin king retains his court!
Our stir for gain,
Life's crush and strain,
Have 'whelmed the reign of fabled sprites!
Too busy we to turn again—
Romance hath lost her old delights!

Yet though the penetrative view
Of Science now hath sealed the fate
Of all that airy, phantom crew,
And made their palace desolate;
Though no gay sprite
Shall trip by night
'Neath calm starlight the greensward o'er,
Their tale may yield some hint of right,
Though 'twas a fable and no more!

"What hint of right?" quoth Common Sense,
"Proclaim it without more ado!"
'Tis clear, O friend with wit so dense,
The fays have never tript for you!
I leave the theme
(No idle dream)
For you to scheme and ponder o'er:
If Fancy feels no radiant gleam
Flash o'er her, frown, and muse no more!

APRIL.

(THE LAST IN ENGLAND.)

TREES are budding: larks are singing,
Soaring as they sing:
Grass is growing: freshets foaming:
Birds are on the wing:
Daisies from the greensward peeping,
Ope their modest eyes:
Life, reviving, wakes the meadows:
Sunny are the skies!

Stately ashes, blackly budding,
Shiver by the stream:

Down the hill the tiny runnels
Gaily dance and gleam:
Through the dale, the field, the forest,
Bursts of music ring:
And every one with joyous heart
Welcomes in the Spring!

. . . . .

Thus one long-past happy April
Did I blithely sing,
Little thinking I should never
See for years the Spring!
Here, in lands of endless Summer,
Spring days never come:
Yet we ever fondly cherish
Thoughts of Spring at home!

ASPIRATIONS.

LOVED and lost: No! Love was crost:
Not utterly—I say not so!
Though orchard buds be touched with frost
In Spring, yet still a glorious show
Long, long ere June will blossom soon;
And, ere the harvest days are sped,
The boughs beneath the autumn noon
Will gleam with apples ripe and red!

So blossoms shone I gazed upon,
And fairer never graced a tree!

And time will bring the cherished one,
The Apple of my Heart to me!
What *did* I love?—the world to move
With power? or stir its heart with song?
With eloquence to shift the groove
Where Right hath been displaced by Wrong?

Scorning soft ease and paths that please,
To throw the gage of battle down
To Wrong, and Error, and Disease,
And win—or wear the martyr's crown?
Longed I for wealth? for smiling tilth,
Mead, mere, and moor through half a shire,
An envied life, when graced with health
And worth, to be an English Squire?

Or lowlier lot and happier? not
O'erburthened with the cares of pelf,

A modest home in one sweet spot,
The home for you, my dearer self!
A brooklet near, that crystal clear
Should chime rare music all day long;
Choice friends and books, loved work, and, Dear,
Yourself, my solace and my song!

Why should I own? since there is none
But from his own my longing knows:
For each, some time, the bud has blown:
For each, perhaps, the fruit still grows!
I longed and dreamed: the vision seemed
Still fairer till the view was crost:
When bright again the sun has beamed
We shall not think of early frost!

Dreaming I strove: what will not Love,
When flaming with a strong desire?

The fruit, I know, still hangs above
And ripens—*but is growing higher!*
Desert's rare crown, the world's renown,
If dreams, are still puissant things!
Who aims and strives, though oft cast down,
Will win his place among the kings!

Though mirk the sky, the dawn is nigh:
Aloft the Sun will climb and glow!
My hopes were crost: They shall not die;
But from the shock the stronger grow!
Courage and hope: with these we cope
With adverse things, whate'er they be:
Each day the nearer brings, I hope,
The Apple of my Heart and me!

THE HILLS OF HOME.

(INSCRIBED TO W. I. S.)

PLAINS may be lovely—hills sublime !
The broad, the blue, the high,
Whose feet are fixed in Home's dear vales, whose lips salute the sky !
Massive, majestic, proud they stand to shelter all below,
Baring their breasts to meet the storm, the lightning-shaft, or snow !

When laughing Summer comes again, and light clouds wander free

Above the stately mountain peaks, like barges on the sea,
The hills look down on tower and town, trim cot, and meadow fair,
Calm, yet rejoicing in the joy that circles everywhere!

GOD'S blessing on the mountain rests! The first rays kiss the hill,
As, guardian-like, he vigil keeps when all the vale is still
At early morn: and, when at eve the Sun sinks gently down,
His parting beams the towering crests with golden radiance crown!

O far away are classic hills whose charms are manifold,

Whose tall cliffs rise 'neath purple skies, whose caverns gleam with gold !

But none inspire such earnest love, that, further as we roam,

More earnest grows, as those dear hills, the guardian Hills of Home.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

THE Germans are a nation
Fond of study, Deutschland, art,
Music, meerschaums, meditation,
Drink, and kindliness of heart!
Ranks the Rhine among their glories,
With its castles, crags, and wine:
And their most astounding stories
Are called Legends of the Rhine!

Upon Rhineland bards instanter
Reel off verses without end:

As a piper blows his chanter,
And the notes mellifluous rend
Every listener's stock of patience,
And his feelings agonise;
So each bard his operations
Straight begins, and truth defies!
Here's a true tale, then, for once, told by way
of exercise!

There sat a jovial party
In a tavern by the Rhine:
Three blithe youths, brave, gay, and hearty,
Loving beauty, books, and wine!
Votaries all of joy and laughter,
Quaffing, chanting, till the inn
Rang from sanded floor to rafter
With their ever-blithesome din!

Then straightway they asked the Maiden
Who had served them with the wine,
Smiling TRUDCHEN, beauty laden,
If she could their lives divine,
What the future had in keeping,
What was Fate's imperious will:
Quoth the Maiden, slily peeping,
"The Frau GRETCHEN sends the bill!"

"This is Fate in truth!" undaunted
Exclaimed the jovial three.
FRITZ, whose purse no money haunted,
Smiled with anerithmic glee!
HANS examined every pocket,
Found them empty one and all!
LUDWIG lugged, like joint from socket,
A green purse with face of gall!

Searched it carefully, and shook it:
No sweet jingle smote the ear—

Then he whispered, "*We must hook it!*"
But cried TRUDCHEN, calm and clear:
"Goodly students, we have brought you
Of our best, as was your will:
And, O LUDWIG, I ne'er thought *you*
Schemed evasion of the bill!

"In sooth 'twere unbecoming
Such base prank should e'er be planned.
Lay aside, I pray, this mumming,
Nor dishonour Fatherland!
Yet at times as such disasters
This good hostelry befal,
I may add, my gentle masters,
That the bailiff 's in the hall,

"With his truncheon to arrest you,
Should you payment still decline.

You 've had many jugs—at best you
Try *one* more, but not of wine!
Yea, a *stone jug*, more capacious
Than Heidelberg's brave tun!"
Quoth the Three, somewhat ungracious,
"We 've done it, and are done!"

Still the purse lay: TRUDCHEN took it,
('Twas *her* gift to LUDWIG bold,
Her own netting!) deftly shook it,
And down fell a piece of gold!
She had slipt it in; for Woman,
Dwelling by the peerless Rhine,
Is nobler than the Roman,
Than angels more benign!
Well I know it and regard it, O fair LEONORA mine!

HANS and FRITZ, with joy the rarest,
Hiccuped each a thankful sigh!

"Thou hast wrought a marvel, fairest,"
LUDWIG cried, "and proud am *I!*"
FRITZ with gratefullest devotion
Felt his heart all brimming o'er,
Till, succumbing to emotion,
He fell headlong on the floor!

Never mind how ends the story:
'Tis Rhenish—that's enough!
Nor moral: the age doth glory,
Morals are not worth a snuff!
LUDWIG grew both wise and richer,
And, as ye may divine,
Married TRUDCHEN of the Pitcher,
The fair Maiden of the Rhine!

Wife lived never that was dearer,
Loving home with all her might:

Nowhere might be dame to peer her,
Save ANN OF THARAW, heart's delight!
Heaven sent a plenished quiver
Of children to their hall:
And they prospered by the river,
Underneath the lindens tall.

FRITZ and HANS waxed never wealthy,
And continued bachelors;
But their cheeks were brown and healthy,
And they still found open doors
At LUDWIGSLUST, where glistened
Many a beaker crowned with froth,
While they told to all who listened
Old adventures, nothing loth.

Oft they raised the jovial flagon
To their ever-thirsty lips,

Till imperious Death's *schnell-wagen*,
That requires no aid of whips,
Bore them off to peace and glory:
So did all their friends opine:
And they told no more the story
Of TRUDCHEN of the Rhine!
One of the very few authentic legends reckoned genu*ine*.

FRAGMENTARY CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE FAR EAST.

MR PATRICK MOLONY TO MISS JUDITHA FLANIGAN, KILMOONY, CO. CLARE.

CH ! JUDY fair, it's mighty quare
But thrue—I cannot pass it o'er !
We have had a trate out here ov late
In the shape ov an Ambassydor !
This Mandarin has lately been
To furrin parts that gracious was :
It moved his heart—a toughish part—
Until he quite fasacious was !

Nor only he—you know there 's Three,
(At laste I should have said afore)—
An' a jovial Suite ov brown *élite,*
Rale, rollicking, *esprits gais de Cour !*
These well-burnt bricks came here at 6:
Our guns, wid due jontility,
Gave forth a roar, while on the shore
Civilians showed civility !

They wint on fut: the guards was put,
An' shouldered all their baggonits:
They tuk the Gate in solemn state
To Granby Hall: No braggin it 's
I 'm trying now ! O the fun and row !
The Suite wid heat came thinner in:
The jovial Three said, " O dear me !
Pray order now the dinner in ! "

Whin the boord was spread, short grace was said:
Their appetites Britannic was !

None could be quicker at mate or liquor :
The clearance aldermanic was !
Next day the same : beef, praties, game,
The hoith ov porcupines there was !
But barely enough ov the ginuine stuff,
(That's whisky, my dear!) though wines there was !

The rarest fruit, all tastes to shuit,
Was there, an lashins ov brandy-brew!
Their Orient noses blossomed wid roses,
An' each a portly grandee grew !
All staunch and stout they druv about
To see the Place, which mirish was:
They discoorsed much that seemed High Dutch,
Wid a brogue at times that Irish was !

But to reshume : their fine cos*tume*
Demands a passing mintion here.

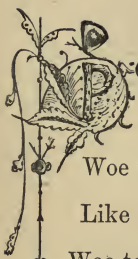
Were I a pote, I might devote
Some time to rare invintion here!
They 'd jackboots wide of silk, beside
Rich broidered cloths ov purity!
An', over all, a robe whose fall
Was belted for security!

A jewelled belt! A Jew had knelt
To see the dimonds cluster there!
But to *my* taste, round JUDY'S waist
They 'd shine wid added lustre there!
It 's you 're a Pearl, you blooming girl!
Your Patrick's luck how great is his!
Bright as the dawn, you *Colleen Bawn*,
A flower as fair as praties is!

They wint on boord: I can't recoord
No more: so here the *Finis* is:

Good luck befal them one an' all,
An' all their Riyal Highnesses !
Och ! JUDY thrue, wid eyes ov blue,
No mortial pen could pass it o'er—
The mighty trate we 've had of late
Wid the Suite an' the Ambassydor !

"POOR KEATS!"



POOR KEATS! True Poet, that now high-
throned art,
Woe to the envious curs that bayed so soon,
Like fell wolves barking at the argent moon!
Woe to the lead-tipped thongs that smote thy
heart,
And left it bleeding on a distant strand!
Yet hadst thou lovers in thy fatherland,
Hearts unforgetting that were inly stirred,
And melting eyes when thy sweet strains were heard—
Rare bursts of music evermore held sweet,
Heard in green lanes, or by the reeling street!

O hapless Bard! our England's shame and pride!
Sleep softly in thy calm Italian grave,
And where the wind-kissed myrtles gently wave,
Enjoy the rest hard Fate at home denied!

SILLOTH ON SOLWAY.

SILLOTH on Solway 's fair to see
When summer days are pleasant,
An infant Port of high degree,
A creature of the present !
Not long ago no stir was there,
Save that among the clover
The cattle wandered unaware—
That time is fairly over !
Instead of lamb, or pasturing cow
Impatient of her tether,
Gay throngs of guests are stirring now
In happy summer weather !

Works of high skill and enterprise,
Dock, railway, streets, and steamers,
Are here, and pleasantly surprise
Calm, easy-going dreamers!
Many her guests: dear health some court:
Some leisure: merchants barter:
Good luck betide the infant Port,
Who fought hard for her charter!
I left the dear-loved, hardy North,
The peerless English County,
Home of rare loveliness and worth,
Where Nature's lavish bounty
Rich garniture of grace has set
On valleys, hills, and waters—
Like beauty may but once be met—
The beauty of her daughters!
I left—and when I said *Farewell*,
A mettled fight impended

For Silloth: how it fared they tell
Who saw the struggle ended!
And let him tell who here at ease,
Escaped from sultry prison
Of city life, rejoicing sees
Where fast a town has risen:
Beholds the haven and the tide,
The tall ships fair and queenly,
While Criffel from his throne of pride
On Solway smiles serenely!

THE MERRY MILLER O!

N' thus the warl passes O!
A fig for higher classes O!
For gear an' gowd in masses O!
Gie me my mootre-dish, say I,
The water rinnin jerglin by,
The whomlin wheel 'tween earth an' sky:
I carena then what passes O!

Vain things are warldly wishes O!
That, craving loaves an' fishes O!
Fin nocht but empty dishes O!

My mootre-dish is better far:
It 's no quite fu: it micht be waur:
Content is aye my guidin star,
The limit o' my wishes O!

We 're discontent, baith sexes O!
Oor striving but perplexes O!
Disturbs, annoys, and vexes O!
An honest heart, an open han',
A blithe, kind word for every man,
That maks the noblest o' the lan',
Delicht o' baith the sexes O!

I 'll be a merry miller O!
O Hame's dear fields a tiller O!
Not owre keen for siller O!
Content, 'mang scenes o' infancy,
To watch the stream rin gently by,
That saft shall croon when I shall die,
As when I first was miller O!

THE MESSAGE OF THE DOVES.

PIGEONS, in Anglo-Chinese tongue,
Mean business transactions—
Themes that poor poets leave unsung,
As mere unknown abstractions!
The pigeons of the Cantonese
Pray do not liken unto these!

Two causes, says proverbial phrase,
Are fruitful of endeavour:
Money is potent now-a-days;
And *Love* shall perish never!
For money fly the Canton doves;
But all must own *these* birds are *Love's*!

ADA.

ADA, the queenly, the witching, the good,
The winsomest Pearl of womanhood!
Soft is the light of her eye that flashes
Love, dear love, through the long eyelashes!
And rarely bright is her golden hair,
That floats o'er her dazzling bosom bare!
Beneath it half-hid, like a bird at rest,
Lurks an ivory ear, the tiniest!
The curve of her neck 's like the swans' that slake
Their thirst as they float on the lilied lake!
Her ruby mouth is a fount of bliss—
Of honeyed word and smile and kiss!

Nobly is moulded her radiant form,
Like the goddess that rose from the ocean storm
But her own true heart is far nobler still,
Constant, devoted in weal or ill!
O dear, dear ADA! of all the queen!
Reign fairest ever with soul serene!

HABITANS IN SICCO!

(7° N. LAT.)

ING a song of ALLSOPP,
Or BASS—for we are dry,
In a drouthy region
Beneath a flaming sky!
When that sky is opened
And rain begins to fall,
Then we may grow fresher:
At present not at all!

THE JUDGE sits in his chamber
Athirst, and suffers sore:

The weary Clerk yawns often,
And gazes at the door!
The Peons make frantic rushes
On sand where should be grass:
And all men's thoughts are centred
On ALLSOPP or on BASS!

PRAISE FOR PUSILĀVA.

AN INSCRIPTION IN THE PUSILĀVA RESTHOUSE BOOK.

O empty sentence need we phrase,
Nor make unmeaning fuss :
Who *Pusilāva* will not praise
Is *pusilla*nimous !
Attractive are its charms indeed :
However deep potation
Be yours, you never here exceed
A moderate elevation! *

* Pusilāva stands a little over three thousand feet above the sea-level, in the district of Kandy, Ceylon, and on the highroad to the sanitarium of Nuwara Eliya.

And *candid* visitors who come—
Not merely those from *Kandy*—
While what they mostly see is *rum*,
Declare the beer and brandy
And other liquors to their mind :
Nor does opinion vary
About the cookery ; for we find
The whole place *cool an' airy!*

The man with moderate wishes blest,
Not restless or disdainful,
Free from *arrest* may take *a rest*,
Nor find one subject *painful;*
For even the windows *paneless* stand,
Unpained by these reflections !
Draughts you command at every hand,
Unchecked by Bank objections !

A happy house it well may be:
No man here meets a flooring;
And in the rainy weather he
Gets welcome *overpouring!*
So, to sum up (as suits a bill):
I like the place and people—
(*I* don't object to Peacock Hill,
Or church without a steeple!)

Though some who travel, you may see,
On like scores go fault-finding:
But such opinions, most agree,
Are hardly worth the minding!
Good food, good service, at the least,
Are here—I do not flatter—
Lodging, besides, for Man and Beast,
But better for the latter!

SIX MONTHS LATER.

At present, as six months ago,
The fare 's as good, or better:
The service prompt, the charges low;
But every room is wetter!

THE CHARMS OF LANKA.

LANKA is a lovely land,
Girdled by the laughing ocean:
Palm-trees zone the sunny strand—
Feathery palm-trees still in motion.
Skies of blue, and mountains too,
Are here, and vales and glens romantic:
Forest bowers wreathed with flowers:
Babbling rills and crags gigantic!

Lovelier none save Ocean's Queen,
ENGLAND, throned amid the waters!

Dear realm, that crown'st this witching scene,
Gracing LANKA with thy daughters!
Their bright blue eyes outvie the skies;
Their smiles are sunnier than the weather!
To paint the grace of form and face,
Both pen and pencil fail together!

Rare and radiant English girls,
Dowered with "a shower of beauty!"
Of womankind the very pearls,
And foremost in the paths of duty!
The fairest far, O Morning Star,
If thou wouldst see—no risk of error!—
With soft surprise raise those dear eyes,
And, smiling, glance at yonder mirror!

READINGS FROM RARE MSS.

[The subjoined readings from rare MSS., lately discovered, are said to contain striking prophetic allusion to events of recent occurrence in an assize town in the Ceylon Midland Circuit! Apart from this remarkable circumstance, they illustrate in a surprising way the customs, learning, and general civilisation of the inhabitants of Lanka!]

No. 1.—The Lay of the Box and Gun.

HA! what 's this?—a jakwood box,
With loosely flapping lid!
It hath no keys, nor hasp, nor locks,
Yet what it holds is hid!
This is a mystery as strange
As sphinx or pyramid!

A box! a most mysterious sight—
An object rarely seen!
No! Yes! Then do I see aright?
Good Heavens! what *can* it mean?
Ne'er since the fateful Horse of Troy
Was such a dire machine!

Think you it holdeth store of gold,
Or pearl or amethyst?
Alas! the secret was not told—
The tale we did not list:
To know that secret I would give
The thumbnail from my fist! *

Now, *boxes* manifold there be:
A box a villa means,

* *Var. lect.*—"The bangle from my wrist." This, however, is tame in comparison with the reading adopted above.

A pleasant house with shrubbery
Half smothered among greens,
Where, spent with trading toils, the cit
Enjoys suburban scenes!

The theatre a box contains,
Where ladies love to sit:
Thereat how oft have ached my brains
With gazing from the pit!
Ah, me! in days when I was young
I had but little wit!

The stage-coach and the coffee-house
Each, each a box contains:
And if you try the boxing-gloves,
As do ingenuous swains,
You gain by pugilistic moves
Some boxes for your pains!

But none of these the box we saw,
That rare unearthly sight!
A jakwood box without a flaw,
A phantom of delight!
What could it mean, that strange machine,
That apparition bright?

What *could* it be? This vexeth me
With scientific rage:
And, O sad thought! existeth nought
Mine ardour to assuage!
The wondrous box that had no locks
I cannot disengage!

'Twas not the jakwood box alone
That did my senses stun:
The bearer had but three steps gone—
He walked—he did not run—

When on his other arm I saw
A double-barrelled gun!

A gun! such as the sportsman takes
For shooting teal or snipe!
O woe is me! my anguish makes
Me both my eyelids wipe!
Now what *could* mean *this* rare machine,
Destruction's very type!

I did not ask—I did not free
The fever of my breast:
For why? that peon of low degree,
Though no words he expressed,
Yet in his face you well might see,
"Though but a *peon*, yet Nemo me
Im*pune* and the rest!"

He passed: the vision passed away!
Away passed Box and Gun!
My hair had almost turned to gray,
I felt myself undone,
Like warrior on a battle-field,
Who fought but hath not won!

And now, until the day I die,
My doubts unsolved remain:
And many a time I wildly cry
"What *did* the box contain?
Whose was the gun?" I feel undone!
Heaven help me peace to gain!
And showers of briefs amain!

With these my throbbing head is full:
My hours unheeded run:

And oft my hair I madly pull,
Yet recompense have none!
O tell no tale of Cock and Bull,
But speak of Box and Gun!

No. 2.—WHAT WAS IN IT? OR, THE PERPLEXITIES OF A PERIPATETIC PHILOSOPHER.

I AM a man of musing mind,
Though lightly ye may deem,
To meditation oft resigned
When men suppose I dream!

No dreamer I! 'Tis thought profound
That bids mine eyelids close!

Then judge not falsely from the sound
Emitted from the nose!

As lately through the town I strayed,
Immersed in deepest thought,
My devious steps abruptly stayed
At sight of peerless native maid
With every beauty fraught!

Her soft surprise, her lustrous eyes,
Her ruddy lips, I ween,
All rapt me in a glad amaze:
Entranced, I cast a tender gaze
At this bewitching queen!

She was a maid of fifty-three,
As near as I may guess,
With rich, ripe charms, as still may be

At that sweet age !—a sight to see,
A mine of loveliness !

Her hair, which jetty I would call,
Was tied in comely knot :
Her voice was soft and musical,
As love-sick frogs' that nightly sprawl
Within a marshy spot !

Those soft low tones ran through my heart
My breast began to thaw !
How blest, thought I, in some far isle
Where all the circling seasons smile,
I king, and *she* my squaw !

But how should beauty move, I ask,
The philanthropic mind ?

A worthless toy ! a gilded mask !
A snare, a trap, a blind !

Not for her beauty then I stayed,
Though she was wondrous fair ;
But for the vase on which the maid
Bestowed especial care !

A pot or pan, which any man
Might earthen chatty call,
So vast, the tun of Heidelberg
By it were reckoned small !

And as it stood, with stalk of wood
She stirred a ladle round !
The while she stirred a sound was heard,
A soft and droppy sound !

What could it be! It puzzled me:
I gazed and gazed again:
That jar contained a heaving sea,
A wild, tumultuous main!

I closer stepped: the modest fair
Drew back as sore afraid,
Then waved her ladle in the air,
As if to warn—*No farther dare!*
Thy nearer course be stayed!

I marvelled much: I did not stay,
Not even for a minute!
I turned away, and to this day
I know not *what was in it!*

It might be oil; oil is not rare;
But this I cannot tell.

That ladle, and that peerless fair,
So youthful, blithe, and debonair,
The lustrous eye, the jetty hair,
The vase, and what it held, I swear,
Still haunt me here and everywhere,
Even in my dreams come unaware
Like a magician's spell !

PROLOGUE.

KANDY THEATRE ROYAL (AMATEURS), AUGUST 1864.

HER Majesty's liege Servants, we—and proud
Our faithful service here to be *allowed*
Aloud we say it: and, were that denied,
The other *side* we 'd take and say 't *aside!*
But such denial *here* we ne'er shall *hear:*
Loyal are Britons still, and ever dear
To them the thought of duty well performed,
Whether in northern lands but slightly warmed,
Or climes like this, where glows a torrid sun,
Where men and duty both are *right well done!*
Where ices are at table rarely seen,
Products, not Nature's, but of a machine!

Where *skates* indeed abound, but (O hard blow!)
Upon the Pearl Banks hard by Aripo!
Making financial crises 'mid the chanks,
By a ferocious *run upon the Banks!*
And worse than sweets for teeth of little girls,
Always destroying priceless heaps of *pearls!*
In fact "enamelled" of the *Shelley* rout
Poetic skates! . . . . . and generous—*shelling out!*

This sunny Isle is hot, but charming too,
Since it gives homes, "kyind friends," to such as you!
Apology we feel we need not make,
As we are acting solely for your sake!
A common practice too—we are not erring—
For *civilly* to the *Civil List* referring,
We find, rewarding careful observation,
Some one is *acting* now at every Station!

Though small our mimic stage, our hopes are high:
And shall we tell you all the reason why?
'Tis *your* approval, fair ones, that we seek:
That, though a first night this, we now *bespeak!*
No empty, honeyed compliments we bandy,
Since every one must *candid* be at *Kandy!*
Candid and pure as truth, or *candied* peel . . .
Than sugar *candy* sweeter a great deal!
Not merely in old poems and romances,
Is felt the power of ladies' eyes, the glances
Soft and delicious, praising fair endeavour!
The Fair and Fair-play! be our cry for ever!
That this *affair's a fair play*, all admit,
When they so many fair ones see at it!

"The Maid and Magpie" is our Play to-night,
Performed within this dazzling Hall of Light!

Light are our hearts, cheered by your eyes' dear
light—
Illumination worth ten lakhs a night!
(And even *that* would be a moderate figure:
Would that our Manager could make it bigger!)
By that dear *light* you *lightly* will not deem
Of us, but hold our effort in *esteem.*
For this indeed 's *a steam*-propelling Age,
Where *ingen*uity is all the rage:
And *engines* soon, well-*trained*, with *tender* freight
Of tender ladies, will reach Kandy straight!

The *Maid*, *made* out no thief, at last at large,
We hope to show will win a *fair* discharge!
Although no *thief*, she, and, we trust, the rest,
Will *steal* approval from each kindly breast!
As for the *Farce*, *fas aut nefas*, we say,
Hear it and cheer it!—Now then for the Play

RYTON.

DWELLERS in the crowded street,
Tenants of the city,
If you seek a calm retreat,
Rural, ever pretty,
Where fresh health may flush the cheek,
Where dim eyes may brighten,
I shall name the spot you seek
When I whisper—Ryton!
Pleasant 'tis, when lanes are green
And mayboughs crowned with flowers,
Adown the dene to roam unseen
Among the scented bowers!
Pleasant 'tis to view afar
Sunny slopes of tillage,

The leafy glades, the rugged scaur,
The wood-embosomed village!
But not a village of them all,
Whate'er its charms may heighten,
Is half so dear, so fair withal,
As thou, enchanting Ryton!
Ryton, throned on winding Tyne,
Like a princess stately,
Many a varied charm is thine,
And all become thee greatly!
But not a charm this charm transcends,
The most endearing ever—
Thou art the home of valued friends
Who guerdon my endeavour
With many kindly thoughts and words,
That make the fancy brighten:
Each joy be theirs that Earth affords:
And joy be thine, fair Ryton!

O GOD! WE LOOK TO THEE!

ALTHOUGH our paths are severed
By leagues of rolling foam;
Though far the land of exile
From our dear land of home;
Throughout our course, though peril
And doubt and gloom we see,
We shall not vainly wander,
If we but look to Thee!
O GOD! we look to Thee!

When, years ago, to England
And home was said *Farewell,*
That word fell on the senses
As falls the parting knell!
But Thou who guardest England
Dost guard beyond the sea;
And we shall lose no blessing
If we but look to Thee!
O GOD! we look to Thee!

[The foregoing Poem has been set to Music.]

"COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON."

N northern climes, as slides the sun
Adown the circling constellations,
Fleetly is glowing Summer run,
And Winter desolates the nations.
Not so within this Orient Isle:
Here never storms bleak wintry weather:
We see perpetual Summer smile:
And meetly we compare together
The sunny clime and one fair Dame—
(Star of the South that shines serenely!)
Like homage each from all shall claim—
Each ever blooming, ever queenly!

PARTING.

THEY tell me that the flowers are bright,
The birds sing blithe and gay:
I heed them not—I only feel
That we must part to-day!

See! I have kept this withered rose
Just as it came from thee,
When on that happy summer eve
Thou laidst it on my knee!

Farewell! Perhaps Love's bitterness
And depth I ne'er before

Knew till I faltered forth *Good-bye*,
And saw thy face no more!

The weary peasant sweeter rests
In that his toil was hard,
And finds in soft and dreamless sleep
His solace and reward!

So, bitterer though our grief may be,
The sweeter shall we rest,
And feel that GOD is merciful,
And that HE judgeth best!

* *
*

WEARINESS.

TO see thy face again
Was once my fondest prayer:
And must I yield at last the dream
That seemed so wondrous fair?

Through shade, and sun, and storm,
Like some long-cherished strain,
The memory of those few bright hours
Shall thrill my soul again!

Could I but hear thee speak,
Or see thy face once more,

Hope's rosy light would gild the earth
As in the days of yore !

Bright be thy noon of life :
No cloud roll o'er thy heaven !
Honour and fame for noble deeds,
These shall to thee be given !

Welcome, gray eve, to *me*,
Weary of Life's long day,
Thankful when underneath the sod
My careworn head I lay !

* *
*

HIGHLAND FRIENDS.

U' mony a day has glided by
Sin' he an' I did last forgather:
An' mair sin' ance October's sky
Gied us the warst o' Kandyan weather!

The kilt he wears that wore the trews:
An' turns his tongue to Gaelic phrases:
But claes or speech, whate'er he choose,
Richt weel he wins his neebors' praises!

We canna ca' the Past again:
'Tis owre! But still kind Time is fleeting,

An' hastes to bring ilk man his ain,
An' us a happy day o' meeting !

Then shall we range wi' lichtsome tread
By hill an' dale an' sparkling river,
An' own, wi simmer skies owre head,
Nae land than Hame was dearer ever !

Or if it 's Winter, an' the dour
An' keen black Frost has clenched his rivet,
I wadna scorn, for " ae short hour,"
To pree a quaich o' choice Glenlivet !

Richt trusty frien ! around your hame
Green be the fields an' bricht the heather !
An' joy to you an' your kind Dame
As owre Life's braes you spiel thegither !

EACH CANNOT SCALE THE TOPMOST STONE.

EACH cannot scale the topmost stone
Of Fame's and Fortune's castled wall:
The highest prize is not for all:
Nor happy he who stands alone,

After long climb with dauntless will,
Alone upon that citadel—
An insect on a pinnacle,
Exalted, but an insect still!

The lowly cot within the dell
May be as bright and blithe a home,
Or blither than the gilded dome
And palace halls where princes dwell!

Who bravely toils and trustful lives,
Bearing throughout a thankful heart
To HIM who heals our every smart,
And with our trials blessings gives:

That patient one, though hard his lot,
Homely his garb, and rude his fare,
Loses in nought THE FATHER'S care,
Nor are his toils and hopes forgot!

Epigrams from the Sinhalese.

ABSENCE NO BAR TO LOVE.

HEN threatening thunderstorms are rife,
They wake the peafowl's brood to life:
The sunbeams bid the lotus blow:
The moon the lily's breast of snow
Uncloses: Nor may distance bar
From deeds of love hearts sundered far!

PRATYASATAKA, 67.

TRUE DOCTRINE.

FISH crave for water: traders thirst
For wealth, their highest aim in life:
The wicked only long for strife;
But wise men hold true doctrine first.

PRATYASATAKA, 72.

THE FAME OF GOOD DEEDS.

FULL five long leagues the roll of drums
Is heard upon the shore:
The deafening peal of thunder comes
O'er sixty leagues and more:
But deeds of merit, deeds of grace,
Resound through universal space!

Ibid. 60.

WHAT THINGS YIELD GOOD.

WHAT things yield good but never ill,
How close soe'er men hold them still?
Gold wisely used: the mirror bright:
The lamp diffusing friendly light:
The man with fair good-fortune blest:
Calm meditation's hour of rest:
The faithful friend: the loving wife:
These work no harm to human life.

PRATYASATAKA, 73.

GOOD MEN ARE RARE.

OF trees a countless host we see
Within the jungle's bound,
And yet the precious sandal-tree
Is rarely to be found.

So in the thronging crowds of earth,
We know, whate'er befall,
To find a man of sterling worth
Is hardest task of all!

PRATYASATAKA, 71.

L'Envoi.

Thus I at leisure, with a heart elate,
Tuned to my reed an unpretending lay,
Which, by the favour of a kindly Fate,
May haply please some dear ones far away:
Not such as thrill the world and captivate—
Yet may to some yield joy or grief allay!
Such sunny hopes on fond endeavour wait,
And brighten early hours with visions gay!
Soon pleasant Leisure, happy Holiday—
Blithest of all, of all the fleetest, tide,
When, rapt in joyous thought, the minstrels stray
In Dreamland, roving free with circuit wide—
Flew o'er: For toil no more that brooked delay,
And soberer wants, the reed was flung aside!

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